

# **Grand Selection.**

The Sacred Oratorio, composed by BEETHOVEN  
called the

## ***MOUNT of OLIVES,***

AND

## **THE GRAND BATTLE SINFONIA,**

Composed by BEETHOVEN

Dedicated, and the MS. presented by Him, to His Royal Highness  
**THE PRINCE REGENT.**

By whose Gracious Permission it is performed at these Oratorios.

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As performed at the

## ***THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE***

On Wednesday, April 3, 1816.

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Leader of the Band, Mr. H. SMART.

The whole under the Direction of

**SIR GEORGE SMART.**

The Chorusess under the Superintendence of Mr. PRICE.

And assisted by the

**YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF**

*St. Paul's Cathedral & Westminster Abbey.*

The ORGAN is built expressly for these Performances by Mr. GRAY.

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**LONDON:**

Printed by C. Lowndes, Marquis-Court, Drury-Lane,

And SOLD in the THEATRE ONLY.

*Price Ten Pence.*



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PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS.

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MRS. D I C K O N S.

MISS B U R R E L L,

(Pupil of Mrs. DICKONS.)

MASTER BARNETT,

MISS G O O D A L L,

(Pupil of Sir GEORGE SMART.)

MR. B E L L A M Y,

MR. P Y N E,

MR. LEONARD,

MR. W U L F I N G H.

MR. B R A H A M,

AND

MRS. S A L M O N.

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## PART I.

# A GRAND SELECTION,

### BEETHOVEN'S FIRST HYMN.

(from the celebrated Grand Mass.)—The Solo Parts by

MRS. DICKONS, MISS BURRELL

MR. PYNE & MR. BELLAMY.

LORD have mercy upon us,

O Christ have mercy upon us!

O Lord have mercy upon us!

Glory be to our great God, Jehovah; Glory be to our Lord,  
Jehovah, on high; and on earth let Peace reign, and good-  
will towards men.

We praise thee, Lord,—

And we bless thee, O Lord,

And we worship thee;

We glorify thy name.

Lord, we give thanks unto thee, for all thy Glory.

O Lord God! our Heavenly King! God the Father Almighty!  
Lord God, the Son! the only begotten Redeemer, Jesus!  
O Lord God! Lamb of God! Son of the Father!

Who savest the world from falling, shew thy mercy for us, re-  
ceive our fervent prayers;—Hear our prayers:—

Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, shew thy mercy  
for us.

Thou alone art holy; Thou only art highest; our Lord, Christ  
Jesus!

Thou art exalted in the glory of God the Father. Amen.



*Aria.* (Maurer)  
**MR. WÜLFINGH**

Oh che manina tenera  
di latte performata  
che pelle delitata,  
che grazia che beltà ! —  
Onnipotente amore !  
deh viynne deh ajutami  
amore ! io ridurommi in cenere !

*Da Capo.*

**Air, Miss GOODALL. (Handel)**

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was,  
and is, and is to come.

Who shall not glorify thy name, for thou art holy;  
thou only art the Lord.

**Duet,**

*(Marcello)*

**MRS. SALMON & MR. BRAHAM.**

Qual' Analante  
Cervo, che fugge  
Da fieri Veltri,  
E cerca il fonte  
In cui s'estingua  
Sua sete ardente,  
Tale son' io  
Che da crudeli  
Sempre inseguito  
Vò sospirando  
Per mio ristoro,  
L' alto soccorso  
Di te mio Dio.  
I loro piedi  
Mai muovon passo  
Veloce tanto,  
Che quando trattasi  
Il sangue spargere  
Degl' innocenti.



**Air—MR. BELLAMY. (Handel.)**

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,  
Though I could end thee at a blow;  
Poor victory,  
To conquer thee,  
Or glory in thy overthrow.  
Vanquish a slave that is half slain!  
So mean a triumph I disdain.

**Air,—MR. BRAHAM. (Handel.)**

Lord, remember David; teach him to know thy ways,  
Oh! guide his tongue with meekness, daily to sing thy  
praise.

**Recit accompanied—MRS. SALMON. (Handel.)**

First and chief, on golden wing,  
The cherub contemplation bring:  
And the mute silence hush along,  
Less Philomel will deign a song:  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

**Air,**

*(Accompanied on the Flute by Mr. NICHOLSON.)*

Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly;  
Most musical, most melancholy;  
Thee chauntress of the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy even song.

**Trio, The CURFEW. (Attwood.)**

*(Arranged for the Harp, Mr. H. HORN.  
and Instrumental Accompaniments.)*

**MR. BRAHAM, MR. PYNE, & MR. BELLAMY**

Hark! the Curfew's solemn sound!  
Silent darkness spreads around;  
Heavy it beat's on the lover's heart,  
Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told;  
The poring Monk and his books must part,  
And fearful the Miser locks his gold.  
Now while labour sleeps and charmed sorrow,



Over the dewy green,  
By the glow worm's light,  
Dance the elves of night,  
Unheard unseen:

Yet where this midnight pranks have been,  
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

RECITATIVE & AIR. (Braham.)

MASTER BARNETT.

RECITATIVE.

Ye gloomy caves! abodes of dark despair!  
Of howling madness and distracted care!  
For you the fruitful plains I quit;  
On thy peaked rocks to sit,  
And gaze upon my grave that opens there!

AIR.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,  
And happy I'll sing thro' the night;  
The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,  
And the stars crowd to give me their light.

Then come to me, my gentle dear,  
O turn thy sweet eyes to me;  
To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,  
And kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

This innocent flow'r, that these rude clefts unfold,  
Is thou, love! the joy of this earth!  
But the Rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,  
Is thy Father, that gave thee thy birth.

*Recitative.*

(Handel.)

MRS. DICKONS.

Again the Philistines fought against Israel, and the  
Men of Israel, with Saul and Jonathan his son, fell down,  
slain in Mount Gilboah.

And David mourned, and wept, and fasted untill  
even, for Saul and Jonathan.



### *Air.*

In sweetest harmony they liv'd  
Nor death their union could divide;  
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,  
But him defending, bravely died.

A loss too great to be surviv'd.  
For Saul, ye maids of Israel, moan;  
'To whose indulgent care,

You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,  
And all the pomp in which your beauty long hath shone.

### *Chorus.*

Oh, fatal day; how low the mighty lie!  
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die!  
For thy king and country slain,

### *Air.*

For thee, my brother Jonathan,  
How great is my distress!  
What language can my grief express?  
Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,  
And more than woman's love thy wond'rous love to me.

### *Chorus.*

Oh, fatal day; how low the mighty lie!  
Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?  
Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,  
How canst thou raise again thy drooping head?

### *End of the First Part.*

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At the end of the first Part will be performed by

**MR. NICHOLSON**

**A FLUTE CONCERTO.**

The First Movement from a celebrated Concerto,  
Composed by M. DROUET.

And to comply with the numerous Applications,

*The Air of ROSLIN CASTLE,*  
will be introduced.

The last Movement, an Air, with Variations.



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## PART II.

*Anthem, (Kent.)*

MISS GOODALL AND MISS BURRELL.

*Duet.*

Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition.

*Solo,—Miss GOODALL.*

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer, and am vexed.

*Recitative.*

MISS BURRELL.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

*Duet and Chorus.*

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.

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*Non nobis Domine.—A Canon.*

(Arranged by SIR GEORGE SMART, with Accompaniments for a full Orchestre, and Chorus.).... *The Solo Parts by*

MRS. DICKONS, MISS GOODALL, MISS BURRELL.

MR. BRAHAM, MR. PYNE & MR. BELLAMY.

Non nobis Domine sed nomini  
tuo da Gloriam.



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THE  
**MOUNT OF OLIVES.**

An Oratorio,

Composed by

**L. V. BEETHOVEN.**

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The Words in Part, Translated and adapted from the German.

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**INTRODUCTION.—(INSTRUMENTAL.)**

**RECITATIVE.**

Mr. BRAHAM.

“JEHOVAH! Thou O Father!” said the Lord our Saviour, when with his Disciples upon the Mount of Olives;—“Now ’tis the hour of suffering which approaches!—Before the World was made, at Thy behest, I offered up myself, a willing sacrifice,”—The Seraph’s thundering voice He hears around Him! It calls on Him,—Him, who for guilty Man will cast Himself before thy throne;—O, Father, He obeys Thy heavenly call: the Mediator! He will suffer—He alone dies for Mankind; How would this generation, from dust created, stand before thy judgment; while He, Thy son, bends down before Thee!—Ah, see! how agony and pangs his soul invade! O, Father, He suffers much:—Have mercy on Him!



## AIR.

SEE, His soul is torn, by the torments He endures;  
Horror strikes Him, and with holy terror trembles  
His weak frame; whilst the anguish of His soul, like  
death's approach, appals:—From His face, see drops  
fast falling, instead of sweat, lo! blood descends!

Father, lowly bent before Thee,  
Mournful prays Thine only Son;  
End His pangs, we meek implore Thee!  
Still, O Lord, Thy will be done!

## RECITATIVE.

Mrs. D I C K O N S.

O, tremble Mortals! Jehovah's Son is here: behold  
Him in the dust laid low, unaided by the Father! He  
suffers dread torments for you;—how merciful! your  
blest Redeemer, for the love of mankind, unworthy of  
such high sacrifice, will die the sinner's death, that  
Man may live for ever!

## AIR.

PRaise the Redeemer's mercy,  
O, praise His bounteous grace!  
He dies for you, ye Mortals,  
To redeem your guilty race.

## SOLO AND CHORUS.

O HAIL ye Sons of Mortals!  
The Saviour dies for you;  
Who still in holy faith,  
And hope, and love, are true:  
But woe to you, who slighting  
Your blest Redeemer's blood,  
Shall scorn that voice inviting,  
Which calls you to your good.



11  
RECITATIVE.

Mr. PYNE.

SAY, blessed Angel, does thy voice speak pity from the Eternal Father?—And, does He bid the pangs of death to cease?

RECITATIVE.

Mrs. S A L M O N.

Thus wills Jehovah:—Until the Son of God by death for Man atones, his sins redeeming, so long shall Man rejected be by Him; and lost to life and mercy everlasting.

DUETTO.

[TENOR.]

O, Father! if it be thy pleasure,  
That He, by death, should purchase grace,  
O spare, of wrath, the dreadful measure,  
Deserv'd by Adam's guilty race,

[CANTO.]

And can the Son of God be shaken,  
To view the horrors of the grave?  
I tremble, as of Heaven forsaken,  
That He should die, Mankind to save.

2. Great are the pangs, and keen the anguish,  
The Father bids his Son to prove;  
But greater far, than all He suffers,  
To erring Man, the Saviour's love!

RECITATIVE.

Miss G O O D A L L.

O, CRUEL death! which must be suffered for the redemption of all mortals. That death shall be to Man life eternal, when the silent tomb shall yield Him up again, and he shall wake to His salvation.



# MARCH AND CHORUS OF ROMAN SOLDIERS.

He came towards this mountain; He'll not escape our search. To judgment He shall go; He'll not escape us.

## RECITATIVE.

Mr. B R A H A M.

THEY who to take him now in crowds appear; in haste approach. O, Father! O, let the moments fly—the hour of sorrow! drive hence his enemies, as the clouds forced by the whirlwind, sweep the face of Heaven, when the loud storm is heard!—But, Lord, thy pleasure still on earth be done.

## CHORUS.

*Sol.*—Here, seize Him, we have found Him, who dares Himself to call the mighty King of Israel: seize, seize, and bind Him fast.

*Dis.*—The soldiers seek our master, what dreadful fate awaits Him? surrounded by these warriors, surrounded by his foes, ah! what fate awaits our Lord? O, mercy on our master! Our dreadful fate's decreed: we must together perish, we must together die.

## RECITATIVE.

Mr. BELLAMY and Mr. PYNE.

[BASS.]

Not unopposed shall this misguided Band presume to take our much-lov'd Lord and Master, while this strong arm can guard Him.

[TENOR.]

O, let the sword inactive still remain: if 'twere the Father's Heavenly will to save Him from out the hands of these His persecutors, lo! legions of His Holy Angels to guard Him, would in arms appear.



## TRIO.

Miss GOODALL, Mr. PYNF, & Mr. BELLAMY.

[BASSO.]

My soul with rage and fury for just revenge o'erflows:  
O, let me sate my vengeance in their detested blood.

[TENOR.]

No:—Thou shalt do no murder!—The lesson of  
meek patience taught by the Son of God, is Love;—is  
peace;—is pardon;—on earth good-will towards men!

[CANTO.]

Now hear me, Man, and mark me! the voice of God  
alone can breathe such holy truths.

2. O, Children of our Father, obey this Holy law:  
Love them that hate you; so please the Lord your God.

[TENOR.]

O, learn of Him who dies, that ye may live for ever;  
to love all those that hate you,

3. O, Children of our Father, &c. &c.

## CHORUS.

*Sol.*—Fly! away! to judgment bear Him! Hence!  
nor tarry longer here: go, and bear this mighty  
Sovereign! take Him to the Judgment Hall.

*Dis.*—Ah! for Him we shall be hated, and be perse-  
cuted too; they will cast us into prison, and deliver us  
to death.



## SOLO.

Mr. B R A H A M.

But His sufferings soon shall end, and the work of Man's Redemption shall be then accomplished, and the power of Hell be overcome.

## CHORUS.

*Sol.*—Fly! away! to judgment, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

Mr. B R A H A M.

Now the work of Man's Redemption is complete in Christ our Lord.

## CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH! to the Father;  
And the Son of God.

Praise the Lord, ye everlasting Choir, in holy Songs of joy: Worlds unborn shall sing His glory: The exalted Son of God!

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\* \* \* This ORATORIO is published, the Voice Parts in Score, the Instrumental adapted for the Piano Forte, by Sir G. SMART, and may be had at either of the principal Music Shops.



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## PART III.

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A new [MS]

### BARDIC OVERTURE,

Composed by RIES.

*In which there are SIX HARPS OBLIGATI, by*

MESSRS. C. MEYER, H. HORN, CHALONER, TAYLOR,  
P. ERARD & BIES.

The favourite Welch Air of AR HYD Y NOS,  
*will be introduced.*

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*Scena, (Guglielmi)*

MRS. DICKONS.

*Recitativo.*

Grazie vi rendo pietosi Numi,  
Al fin v'intesi, al fin so qual vittima chiede  
L'estinto sposo,  
Azema. non ci perdiam.  
Potrebbe previnirci l'indegno.  
Misera, a quanti affanni  
Serbata io son ! e quando,  
Con me vi placherete Astri tiranni.

*Accompanied on the Violin by Mr. WEICHSELL.*

*Aria,*

A compir già vo l'impresa,  
Non temer ti rasserena,  
Senza affanno in quella pena,  
Non gli posso oh Dio, lasciar,  
Non ascolto in tal momento,  
Che il mio zelo, e l'onor mio  
Sol con questi og'nor desio;



*Air—Mr BRAHAM*

*(Braham.)*

Is there a heart that never lov'd,  
Nor felt soft Woman's sigh?  
Is there a Man can mark unmov'd  
Dear Woman's tearful eye?  
Oh! bear him to some distant shore,  
Or solitary cell,  
Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
Where Love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in Woman's eye,  
A language in her tear,  
A spell in every sacred sigh—  
To Man—to virtue dear;  
And he who can resist her smiles,  
With brutes alone should live,  
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,—  
That joy her virtues give.

*Recitativo ed Aria. (Pucitta.)*

MRS. SALMON.

Vittima sventurata  
Di crudeltà d'amore,  
Non ho più pace al core;  
Tutto perdè quest' alma:  
Ah! per donarmi alma  
Venga la morte almen.

Voi che in amore  
Felici siete  
Deh! compiangete  
Quest' alma misera  
In tanta barbara



## NEW QUARTETTO.

(From Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs, composed and compiled by  
W. LINLEY, Esq. Published by Preston and Co. 97 Strand.)

Mrs. DICKONS, Miss BURRELL,  
Mr. BRAHAM and Mr. BELLAMY.

Tell me where is Fancy bred?  
In the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
'Tis engender'd in the Eyes,  
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies  
In the Cradle where it lies.

### SOLO AND CHORUS.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell,  
I'll begin it —ding dong bell.

### Duet, (*Bishop.*)

Mrs. SALMON and Master BARNETT.

O Take this nosegay, gentle youth,  
And you, sweet maid, take mine;  
Unlike these flow'rs be thy fair truth,  
Unlike these flow'rs be thine.  
These changing soon, will soon decay;  
'Till noon be sweet, then pass away;  
Sweet for awhile their charms appear,  
But truth shall bloom for ever here.



*Recitative—(Judas Macchabæus)—[Handel.]*

**MR. BRAHAM.**

My Arms!—Against this Gorgias will I go,  
The Idumean Governor shall know  
How vain, how ineffective his design,  
While Rage his Leader, and Jehovah mine.

*Air,*

Sound an Alarm—Your Silver Trumpets Sound,  
And call the Brave, and only brave around.—  
Who listeth, follow.—To the field again.—  
Justice with Courage is a thousand Men.

*Chorus.*

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call:  
And follow thee to Conquest;—If to fall;—  
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

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It is most respectfully announced that the

**ORATORIOS,**

AT

**THIS THEATRE, WILL COMMENCE**

*Next Season,*

**JANUARY, 30, 1817.**

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DESCRIPTION of BEETHOVEN'S

**BATTLE SINFONIA.**

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**FLOURISH**—Drums and Trumpets, English side, preparing to march.

**MARCH**—“*Rule Britannia*,” begins soft, as at a distance, encreasing as the English Army is supposed to arrive in the field.

**FLOURISH**—Drums and Trumpets on the Enemy's side, preparing to march.

**MARCH**—“*Marlbrook*” soft, and encreasing as the former—The two Armies are now supposed to be arranged in order of Battle.

**A CHALLENGE** from the Enemy's Trumpeter, which is quickly answered by English Trumpeter.

**THE BATTLE** commences.—Imitation of the Firing of Cannons and Muskets is introduced.—Also, the Movements of Cavalry.

**THE STORM MARCH.**

Drums and Fifes encourage the men; the Musick expressing the encreasing Confusion of the Battle. The Battle rages with fury—Cannons, Muskets, and the various warlike Instruments, describe the progress of the Action.—The Fifes, during this impressive Movement, play disjointed Parts of *Marlbrook*, indicating the failure of the Enemy, until they are supposed to be routed; which is expressed by the Air of *Marlbrook* being played in a *Minor Key*.—Cannons are still heard at a distance, and the cries of wounded;

**A GRAND INTRADA**, in which is heard the Triumphal shouts of the Victors! followed by a Grand Triumphal March.—Trumpets sound! and the whole concludes with the National Air of “*God save the King*.” In Verse and full Chorus, accompanied by the whole Band.



# **“ God save the King.”**

*Newly Arranged by SIR GEORGE SMART.*

**AIR—Master BARNETT—and CHORUS.**

God save great GEORGE our King,

Long live our noble King,

God save the King:

Send Him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

## **QUARTETTO.**

**Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. LEONARD, Mr. PYNE, & Mr. WULFINGH.**

**AND CHORUS.**

O Lord, our God! arise,

Scatter his Enemies,

And make them fall:

Confound their politicks,

Frustrate their knavish tricks,

On Him our hopes we fix,

God save us all.

**Trio. Mrs. SALMON, Miss GOODALL & Miss BURNELL.**

**AND CHORUS.**

Thy choicest gifts in store,

On GEORGE be pleas'd to pour,

Long may He reign.

May He defend our Laws,

And ever give us cause,

To sing with heart and voice,

God save the King.